



The Farmer's Blunder.

A While but attend and a tale I'll relate,
I hope for the present some mirth will create.
The story is very well known in the West, (ate,
Where many good people still laugh at the Jest.
A farmer who long had indulg'd a desire,
To see London town and to visit the Squire,
When his rent became due he set out for that place,
As he thought that would make him appear with
a grace.

The Squire was pleas'd this Tenant to view,
Why Farmer he cried you are punctual and true,
Come Butler make haste with a bottle of wine,
And tenant walk in for you shall stay and dine.

Then leading the way to the parlour he goes,
Which was full of fine ladies and very fine beaux,
The Farmer he scrap'd and he pull'd off his hat,
Scratch'd his ears and could hardly tell what to
be at.

When saw such fine folks he soon offer'd to go,
And beg'd he might dine with the Zervants below.
For fear of some blunder which he might commit
But the Squire insisted that down he should sit.

The dinner serv'd in and the company plac'd,
The farmer was help'd with each thing in high
taste, (prove,
When he drank, from the table his manners to
He rose, and thus constantly gave them his love.

A wag who to mischief was often inclin'd,
Gave a hint for removing his chair from behind,
He catches the cloth when he finds he must fall,
Down came the dishes, sauces and all.

The Beaus and the Belles were all strait in a flutter,
(Butter,
Their cloaths were besprinkl'd with gravy and
O curse you says one you have spoil'd my best
sacque,
But the farmer lay silent awhile on his back.

A custard by accident fell in his chops,
And on his huge belly a pudding there drops,
One roars like thunder he'll pink out his soul,
But the farmer rose up and thus spoke to the
whole.

'Tis owing to you I am now in disgrace,
You should never put people out of their place,
To the Country I soon will be jogging amain,
And I hope I shall never see London again.

